

TRIBUTES TO
KENLEY DOVE ON HIS 85th BIRTHDAY
AUGUST 31, 2022

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“TO KEN, WITH MUSIC”

~ KENLEY ROYCE DOVE ~

AUGUST 31, 1936 / NOVEMBER 19, 2022



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~ **TRIBUTES** ~

BOB BERMAN

Ken,

My recollection of your arrival at the Graduate Faculty (GF) in Fall '73 remains fairly vivid. It coincided with the start of my second year. As I recall, Bill Maker and I had suffered through a Hegel seminar with Arendt acolyte, Glenn Gray, the previous year. Attending your seminar on the PhG was truly a breath of fresh air. Needless to say, we learned a great deal from you and it was also owing to the vista that your teaching opened up for us that Bill Maker and I spent a year together pouring over Hegel's WL.

I am for always in your debt not only for this connection to Bill. I got to know Dale, Jim, Jerry, Frank, and others during those years at the GF in the mid-70's as well.

I should also mention that it was owing to your seminar on Hegel's *Rechtsphilosophie* that I got to know Richard Levi. I think my recall is accurate that your analysis of the book helped bring to the surface the distinction between part/whole and abstract/concrete whole and that induced us to think together and explore its significance.

And, of course, I want to express my deep gratitude for my enduring philosophic friendship with Richard over these many decades. He often traveled down from New Haven to the GF to be with you, his teacher from Yale, and his fellow students and friends. Had you not been there, I'd most probably never have gotten to know him. You, our *sine qua non*!

With all our appreciation for all that you made possible for us, heartfelt, we hold you in our thoughts...

Bob Berman

New Orleans, LA

Sept. 12, 2022



Robert and Ronna (70's)



Ronna and Robert (contemporary)

* * *

On Ken—the best teacher I never had

STEPHEN BUNGAY

What does it take to be taught by someone? Ken was not my tutor, nor my supervisor. I never sat in one of his seminars and he never marked or commented on any of my essays. Yet I count him among my most important teachers. Here's why.

When I embarked on a DPhil, I wanted to work on a philosophical subject but was in the faculty of Modern Languages. Oxford would not allow me to change faculty and I did not fight that because 'Oxford philosophy' as taught in the philosophy faculty was not the kind of philosophy I was interested in. So I took on the task of smuggling myself into a philosophical subject by stowing myself away inside a subject acceptable to the sub-faculty of German.

My entry point into the forbidden land of philosophy was Schopenhauer. He was a good writer, and completely ignored by analytical philosophers, so my German Professor, Siggie Praver, thought it would be worth my while examining him as a writer, and producing a thesis about Schopenhauer's style. My enthusiasm for this project was lukewarm, but I was a stowaway and the vehicle was heading in the right direction, so I duly started to wade through *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. Patrick Gardiner had written a book about Schopenhauer, so he became my first supervisor. Schopenhauer was indeed an elegant writer, but I quickly concluded that most of what he had to say was nonsense. Gardiner seemed to be as bored by Schopenhauer's ideas as I was, but agreed that he wrote well and in particular was a witty polemicist. A lot of his vitriol was directed at Hegel. So I decided to investigate the enemy to find out what all the fuss was about.

Most serious philosophy is a challenging read. Kant, for example, keeps you on your toes, and some of his writing, like the transcendental deduction, is notoriously demanding. But it is reasonably clear from the outset what Kant is talking *about*, even if you can't understand what he is saying about it. With Hegel, however, I ran into a problem of a different order. I could not work out what he was talking about, let alone what he was saying about whatever it was. And forget stylistic elegance. I thought about giving up, and was encouraged to explore alternatives such as hermeneutics. But I felt giving up on Hegel was rather cowardly, and became increasingly determined to crack the code. Something told me that Hegel was actually a lot more interesting than Schopenhauer if only I could work out what it was he was on about. Clearly, I needed some help.

Oxford was not the best place to find it. Hegel was ignored by most philosophers there and despised by the few who read him. But by chance, Charles Taylor, who had just published a massive work on Hegel, had just been appointed to the Chichele Chair of Social and Political Theory at All Souls. In his first term there he launched a graduate seminar devoted to reading the *Phenomenology*, so I signed up, full of hope.

The good news was that Taylor was a delightful person, very open and welcoming to all, and the seminar was about close reading, which was clearly what was needed. The bad news was that we started in the middle with *Der Geist*, when my big problem was working out what the hell the book was about in the first place. But there seemed to be some consensus that *Der Geist* was where all the

sexy stuff started, at least for students of politics, so the first half would have to remain a mystery, at least for the time being. The second piece of bad news was that none of the discussions seemed to me to make any sense at all, which I attributed to my ignorance of philosophy in general and political theory in particular, so I generally kept my mouth shut and justified my presence by being the only person to use a German text, which helped now and again when the translation used by Taylor and the others caused difficulties.

I was becoming resigned to migrating towards hermeneutics and ploughing through endless tedious tracts by Dilthey and Gadamer, but Taylor opened up an escape corridor by introducing me to a charming political scientist called Zbigniew Pelczynski, who was based at Pembroke. Pelczynski had not only read Hegel, but written about him, did not think his work was nonsense, and encouraged me to persevere. For Pelczynski, Hegel was about the *Philosophy of Right*, but he told me that the lectures on aesthetics were neglected. Perhaps a thesis about them would be acceptable to the German department. I tried it out and they said ‘yes.’ The trouble was, I still had no real idea about what Hegel was up to.

Then one day in Blackwell’s I chanced across a modest volume of essays about Hegel edited by Alasdair MacIntyre. One of them was called “Hegel: A Non-Metaphysical View” written in impeccable, indeed elegant, English by a German called Klaus Hartmann. I scanned the essay, became intrigued, bought the book and spent the next couple of days reading and rereading that essay.

I had felt that Hegel had been hiding behind a locked door and that reading that essay turned a key. Suddenly he made sense. He was a systematic thinker who had developed a doctrine of categories. His project was Aristotelian and he took up where Kant had left off, but with a fundamentally different approach. The core of his work was the *Logic*, which was thinking about thinking, and undertook to answer the question ‘what is it to think?’. It became clear to me that if I was to break into Hegelian thinking I needed to study with Hartmann.

The break came when I managed to get a Fellowship from the Humboldt-Stiftung which allowed me to study under him for a year in Tübingen. It was extendable to a second year. In the meantime, I talked to Pelczynski who seemed among those in Oxford to have the best connections to Hegel scholars. Towards the end of trinity term 1978, the summer before my departure to Tübingen, he invited me to come to a guest lecture to be held by a certain Kenley Dove on the subject of “Logic and Law in Hegel.” The lecturer’s name was unknown to me, and the subject sounded peripheral to my concerns, but I was not going to miss the opportunity to listen to someone who, I was told, was not a political scientist but a real philosopher, and had a distinctive approach to Hegel.

And so we were introduced, and I attended the lecture. Thank goodness I did. It was quite different from anything I had heard before—concise, intense and powerful. As I took notes, I found myself unable to keep up. Every statement seemed packed with meaning to the point that I felt almost overwhelmed. I had the same feeling that reading Hartmann’s essay had given me: another key was being turned. Hegel had built a house of many mansions. At the centre of the entrance hall was the grand staircase of the *Phenomenology*, leading to the great first floor reception room of the *Logic*. Leading off from it were a series of other rooms of the *Realphilosophie*. The lecture unlocked the door of the

Philosophy of Right, but as I listened, I realised that the key to that door was also the master key to all the other rooms. It explained the relationship between the *Logic* and all the other parts of the *Encyclopaedia*, something vital for me if I was to understand the aesthetics.

I heard echoes of Hartmann—the *Logic* was a system of categories. But here there was a new, intriguing twist. The categories constituted a theory of determinacy. The three areas of Logic were explained with great brevity but devastating clarity. And then, the relationship with *Realphilosophie*: in abstract law, person is to person as something is to other in the *Seinslogik*. How simple. How brilliant. All the confusing nonsense I had listened to from elsewhere melted away in just an hour.

And so, when in the autumn of 1978, my adventure in Tübingen began, I had a framework in place and my stay began with encounters with some Americans from the New School who had also come to listen to ‘Kläuschen.’

First among these students was Frank Kirkland, who was really my first true tutor in philosophy. He started explaining Hegel on the basis of seminars about the *Phenomenology* he had attended in New York which had been run by a certain Professor Kenley Dove. Frank showed me some transcripts of the seminars, which were revelatory. And so, as I listened live to Hartmann, I heard at one remove about Ken.

Frank and I went to every lecture and seminar Hartmann held and were soon joined by Bob Berman. We formed a little group which got together every Friday to read the *Logic*, a few pages a night. I provided the wine, Bob’s Socratic wife Ronna provided the food and we all chipped in to the thinking, with Bob our unofficial leader. Once I had managed to find and turn the key to the door, progress in exploring the Hegelian room was rapid. The guys from the New School who went to your seminar had nailed the *Phenomenology*. Hartmann’s lectures and our own reading helped us to nail the *Logic*. And that lecture in Oxford helped me to nail “Realphilosophie.”

So it is that you were the best teacher I never had.



The student: Oxford 1976

* * *

LADELLE DAUTREMONT

I matriculated at SUNY Purchase in the Spring of 1990 and graduated with a degree in Philosophy in January of 1994. Arriving at Purchase was less of a choice than a happy accident due to practicalities. In truth my life at the time was drawn in many directions. I worked, I paid rent, I was preoccupied with personal relationships. I often wish I had been a more traditional and focused student. Nonetheless many things I learned at that formative time have stayed with me. Many of these things, to be sure, echo in my mind in the voice of Professor Kenley Dove.

Given the somewhat random quality of my arrival, I was pleasantly impressed to discover that Purchase offered at that time a very interesting course of study in philosophy. I took several courses with Professor Dove and had the good fortune of having him as my advisor for the senior project. For the senior project I recall being so enthusiastic about the many directions I might pursue, without having a good sense of the breadth or difficulty, that I initially floundered trying to find a way. Kenley wisely guided me with a question that became the title of my senior project: can Kant have a doctrine of virtue? He pointed out that a translation of Kant's *Metaphysics of Morals* by Mary Gregor had come out in 1991. The project subtitle became "a consideration of Kantian morals and Aristotelian arete." I spent many months studying and contemplating Kant's *Metaphysics of Morals* and Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*. It is safe to say that this learning experience was intensely formative.

I have held onto the notes, handouts and syllabi from Kenley's courses. Of the courses that inform my current being in the world, perhaps Individuality in the Modern World is the one I reflect on most often. I think about the global dimension of ethical life. I think about how we can be "attentive to wholes rather than making wholes from parts." I think about the ethical spheres of the family, civil society and the state. After SUNY Purchase I worked for a number years as a high school math teacher in Queens. I took time off to have two sons and stay home with them before returning to school to become an RN. I now work bedside in a hospital setting in upstate New York and my two sons are teenagers. Kenley pointed out that modern life has given us more leisure time, but we must decide what to do with it. I do have some leisure and the second nature to desire to know. Present conditions, mostly climate disruption, make me wonder about the ongoing prospects for "a leisured life in an ethical world." I would like to think that humanity will pull through. But we all know what they say about the owl of Minerva.

Whatever comes I would like to sincerely thank Kenley for being an excellent, inspiring and memorable professor. I feel fortunate to have been his student and have no doubt that my life has been better for it. Thank you for being a professor at SUNY Purchase for students like myself.

* * *

FRANK FARRELL

I owe a profound debt of gratitude to Ken Dove in four quite distinct areas. First, he was always a great force behind the scenes in aggressively pushing my moves up the career ladder at Purchase, from promotions and tenure to faculty leaves as well, even when some of the higher-up administrators were being far less supportive on these matters. I will always be grateful to him for that support.

Second, it was mainly Ken who shaped the philosophy board of study so that it was a very great pleasure to teach philosophy at Purchase. He decided from the start that Purchase would offer the most challenging history and topical courses in philosophy, in a manner that would rival the offerings of top liberal arts colleges. Indeed, I have met professors at such elite schools who were unable in their own programs to offer the high percentage of challenging courses that we did. That was Ken's doing. He fought at every point for extra philosophy lines and for the most serious program possible, never believing that Purchase students weren't ready to be challenged in this fashion. So professors in the board of study could spend most of their time teaching courses that were truly rewarding to teach. I owe it to Ken that teaching at Purchase was such a great pleasure for me for thirty-five years.

Third, I had the great benefit of discussing philosophy with Ken. I especially recall our discussions of Hegel. I was already quite skeptical about Robert Pippin's very well-received version of Hegel, which far too much stresses a Kantian or Fichtean reading that seeks to deduce a set of categorial relations that thinkers can project upon the world. It was Ken who kept insisting that one should read Hegel as an Aristotelian, not principally as a Kantian. While Pippin wished to dismiss Hegel's philosophy of nature and indeed seemed to wish that Hegel had not written it, Ken argued that while Hegel was of course making use of outdated science textbooks of 1800 for his concepts of nature, still one had to see what that part of Hegel's project was about in order to understand properly his relationship with Aristotle. One then came to understand that finding a certain pattern in things themselves (more or less sophisticated levels of being self-relating in relating to otherness) was not actually a limit on the autonomy of thinkers. I am convinced that Ken was right and Pippin wrong in this dispute and I'm very glad I had a chance to engage in this debate with a thinker such as Ken.

Fourth, one should never underestimate what great hosts Ken and Jenny have been. I have had many wonderful meals at their Inwood apartment. Ken is a professional-quality chef. He used to make a delicious bluefish dinner and once I was with him when he purchased basic pork chops and cabbage at a poor-quality neighborhood supermarket and turned them into one of the best meals I've ever eaten. (I am unable I must admit, to endorse one particular meal: the time he made tripe.) There were long evenings with great food, great conversation, great music from a high-quality stereo system, and plenty of wine.

Thank you, Ken, for everything.

Frank Farrell

* * *

For Kenley R. Dove

MORRIS B. KAPLAN

We first met over half a century ago when, as a Yale lecturer, Ken gave a job talk at Williams. He got the job, and I went off to grad school. A couple years later, when he returned to the university, I served as one of his teaching assistants. His courses were among the most popular in the school. Plato, Hobbes, Hegel, Marx, Kierkegaard and Nietzsche seemed crucial to contemporary conversation in the 1960s. Ken's graduate seminar on community in Hegel and Marx attracted an overflow crowd. He was the real thing.

I learned an enormous amount from his lectures and our ongoing conversation. We remained friends when I went off to work as a public defender in NYC. Without his help I would never have had a chance to return to academic life. I am now past retirement age as a Professor of Philosophy at Purchase College SUNY in the program that Ken founded and defended many decades ago. With only minor changes, the major he designed continues to attract bright and engaged students in a public university setting. Others have paid tribute to Ken as teacher, scholar and philosopher. I want to celebrate his accomplishment as the founder of a remarkable educational and ethical institution.

Against all the odds and considerable opposition, Ken envisioned a curriculum that fulfilled the promise of classical paideia for a diverse student body in tumultuous and uncertain times. Denounced as unrealistic and elitist, he insisted that his adversaries underestimated the capacity of students to respond to demanding and difficult work. The major he designed required a sequence of courses in the history of philosophy grounded in the careful study of primary texts. They culminated in a rotation of seminars on single thinkers: Plato, Aristotle, Kant or Hegel. There have been recent additions, but the core remains. Only Aristotle has become a hard sell for current undergraduates, a fact that our founder deplors. Decades after his retirement, the philosophy major at Purchase remains a testimony to Ken's ambition and perseverance. The aspiration is systematic. Perhaps ironically, a few recent graduates describe themselves as Hegelians.

Students have gone on to a variety of careers—as educators, attorneys, social workers, community organizers, playwrights, artists, etc. We are especially proud of a crop of PhDs in philosophy, in Ken's day, from DePaul, Boston University, Toronto, the New School, Temple and elsewhere. More recently alumni have pursued graduate study in political theory at Chicago and Berkeley; philosophy at Stony Brook, Connecticut, and Duquesne; religion and Asian studies at Columbia. Several currently have full-time academic positions. As of October 2022, three of their book manuscripts are under review at Cambridge, Columbia and Duke University Presses.

Alfred North Whitehead, echoing Plato's *Symposium*, talks about "objective immortality." Philosophy at Purchase has been part of Ken Dove's noteworthy and continuing work. Philosophy, the Humanities and the liberal arts more generally are under siege everywhere these days. Ken remains a towering example in the good fight.

* * *

FRANK M. KIRKLAND

Hello, Prof. Dove.

Hope all is going well with you and yours in Italy, despite its current political turn to Mussolini with its embrace of Meloni.

Although such politically rightward turns have become commonplace throughout Europe and the USA in the 21st century, they still leave me to wonder when will citizens recognize that such turns initially signal and ultimately lead to the wholesale evasion of political responsibility to them, an evasion that is to suffer no consequence from them.

In any case, I'm doing well family-wise, personally and professionally, despite my dissatisfactions politically. This threefold adverbial distinction is something I learned to make as a student from my classes with you. As I once told you, you provided me with both a lingua franca and a confidence in my own voice to address and argue matters philosophically, especially when Kant, Hegel, or Marx were to be deployed. In so doing, I have learned to develop both for areas that they neither explicitly nor intelligently addressed by explaining and teaching the cogency and pertinence of their philosophical schemes to those very areas. I could never come to explain and teach in this way without you laying the groundwork for me.

A former student of mine is getting prepared to defend his political science dissertation at Rutgers. It is a comparative one working on the following thesis—the importance of the Hegelian state as an ethical and “organic” entity for policy makers and social scientists in Germany, Great Britain, and the USA from 1865 through the 20th century. He studied Kant, Hegel, and Marx with me when he was an undergraduate. Ira Katznelson is on his dissertation committee along with his supervisor and another faculty member from Rutgers. But, to keep his Hegel-interpretation “on point,” so to speak, he has been given permission to have two philosophers on his committee—Axel Honneth and me.

To make a long story short, Honneth asked him about me. My former student replied that I was your student. Any reservations Honneth initially had about me immediately disappeared, according to my former student. When I finally met him, we had a pleasant conversation. He asked about you, your well-being, and to send his best regards to you.

For the significance of your impact on me, I send my best and warm-hearted regards to you and yours as well.

Your student,
Frank M. Kirkland

* * *

JERRY NASHBAN

Dear Kenley,

It has been many years. I'm sorry to hear that you are not doing well. I just want you to know that I'm still going strong. I began training as a psychoanalyst in 1980 and finished in 2002. While I was doing this, I taught high school mathematics in New York City for thirty-four years. I have been in full-time practice since 2014.

Despite the fact that I never became a philosopher (at least in the Hegelian sense of the word), I want you to know what a profound impact you had on me. It began when I took your political philosophy course (Philosophy 23A) my sophomore year at Yale. Your discussion of the concept of "reciprocal recognition" truly was a life-changing moment for me. I wanted to know as much about this as I could most likely because it was something that was most missing in my life, starting from a very young age.

All the best,

Jerry Nashban

* * *

ALAN PONIKVAR

Almost half a century has passed since I first witnessed philosophy in action at the New School. These moments still resonate with me. So, I have decided to begin my book on Plato's *Meno* by paying tribute to the three professors who had the greatest influence on the path I have chosen to follow on my philosophic journey. And Kenley, it is only fitting that I begin with you. You are not only the teacher who prompted my interest in what I am writing about. You also have remained my ideal of how one might live a life inspired by philosophy.

The following two paragraphs are from my *Prologue to Cave as Labyrinth: Plato's Meno and the Socratic Moment*.

My introduction to the *Meno* came by way of a reference to Meno's paradox made by Kenley Dove in a graduate seminar on Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*. This paradox appeared to create difficulties for Hegel given that his philosophical system is meant to progress from a beginning Hegel claims to be without presuppositions, something that Meno's paradox would seem to suggest is not possible. A year or two later—my recollection is not exact—Stewart Umphrey taught a class on the *Meno* which I attended. Finally, while in graduate school I attended many of Seth Benardete's classes on Plato's dialogues where I learned to appreciate the many ways these dialogues are fiendishly convoluted. In my Ph.D. dissertation I decided to preface my reading of Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit* with an account of how Meno's paradox poses a difficulty that when resolved can serve as an introduction to Hegel's text. The paradox resolved is the paradox recollected as its own solution. The three questions posed by Meno that taken together constitute the paradox can be reformulated as three statements that describe how an inquiry proceeds and is able to achieve its aim when the object of inquiry is something altogether unknown. What needs to be appreciated—something that is only possible as a recollection after the fact once the inquiry has come to its end—is how the inquiry has proceeded unwittingly and achieved its aim indirectly as if by means of a cunning.

Now many years later I am returning to the *Meno* because I have come to understand that my way of resolving the paradox can be the basis for a unique understanding of Socrates' philosophic mission, an understanding that in the *Meno* I contend is contested at what in this study I call the Socratic moment. This is the moment when Meno having become confused, as do so many of Socrates' interlocutors, decides to offer his paradox as a direct challenge meant to put in question the intelligibility of Socrates' zetetic practice and thus the viability of Socrates' philosophic mission. How the dialogue arrives at and then proceeds from this moment is the story that I intend to tell, a story in which I find it necessary to reformulate what is at issue in the *Meno* so that the apparent matters at issue—what is virtue and how is virtue acquired—might get their due. Thus, I am presenting here a new reading of Plato's *Meno*, one that differs in most every respect from the readings offered in other studies of this dialogue.

* * *

**A Tribute to Kenley Dove’s “Spirit”:
“The actualization of a potential qua actual.”***

JOHN POUNDS

Since Prof. Winfield brought it up (“My Addiction to ...”), I’d like to say a word or two about *my* addiction(s). Several months ago, I reached out to an old professor friend of mine from Hudson Valley Community College: to say hi, to see how he was doing, to “share” as they say in places where “friends of Bill” gather. The last time I saw Jim I gave him the “gift” of *Being and Time* (“*es gibt*”). Now I wanted to show him “how it works” according to another “big book,” Hegel’s *Phenomenology of Spirit* (= PhG). You see, I have this comic (or tragic) idea (analogous to Louis Sass & Co.’s “More Aristotle, Less DSM”) that by working through the “opposition of consciousness” I can overcome my own “bacchanalian revel.” This would require not only a close study of the primary text but also of “the first rigorous and workable interpretation of Hegel’s phenomenological method”¹ as formulated in Kenley’s dissertation ([*Toward an Interpretation of Hegel’s Phänomenologie des Geistes*](#)) and later in his “must read” publication “Hegel’s Phenomenological Method”² (a condensed version of his dissertation). I had already procured a copy of his dissertation from University Microfilms back in my student days at Purchase in the early 90’s, but I didn’t do much with it then. And now that I was ready to read it, I found that its original typewriter format rendered it unready to be read. So, I decided to digitize the text (and anything else of Ken’s) in order to bring at least its outward appearance (and its functionality) into the 21st century. Eventually, this project would lead to the creation of kenleydove.com. I was aware that Ken had been thinking about publishing an anthology of his work; in lieu of that, I like to think of the website as his *de facto* anthology with aspirations of being the virtual home of his collected works. In his contribution to the *Festschrift for Denis Mickiewicz* (“A Word to Denis in His 80th Year”)³ Ken reflects on his own legacy, contemplating the “posthumous recognition” of his “high-minded project” that “just may come,” if and when his “controversial take” on the connection between Aristotle and Hegel becomes “conventional wisdom.” My humble role in that project (and the role of the website) is, as Prof. Winfield put it, to “make Kenley’s writings more available.”

What I would like to do now is take a brief and unsystematic stroll through some of Ken’s signature ideas (pedagogical and philosophical) with some of his interlocutors accompanied by my own observations and impressions of the man whose thought in general (*doktor*) has become second nature to me and whose force of personality (my “*vater*”) I locate somewhere in the “imaginary” neighborhood of District Attorney Arthur Branch (Fred Thompson, *Law & Order*) and Dr. Gregory House (Hugh Laurie, *House*). I should add that, for me, the endurance of his ideas and the strength of his “impression” has been reinforced by the fact that I never graduated from Purchase. Instead of

* “Aristotle never provided a ‘definition’ of *energeia*, as he had of *kinesis* in *Physics* III, 1, ‘the actualization of a potential *qua* potential.’ In previous publications I have attempted to fill this gap by defining *energeia* as ‘the actualization of a potential *qua* actual.’ This distinction also pertains to activity in Hegel.” Kenley R. Dove, “[Logic and Theory in Aristotle, Stoicism, Hegel](#)” (= LTASH), *The Philosophical Forum*, Vol. 37, Issue 3, Fall 2006, p. 38, fn. 135 (all references to Ken’s work are to the website version).

¹ Ibid., p. 2, fn. 8.

² K. Dove, “[Hegel’s Phenomenological Method](#)” (= HPM), *The Review of Metaphysics*, Vol. 23, No. 4 (1970).

³ [Festschrift for Denis Mickiewicz](#), K. Dove, “[A Word to Denis in His 80th Year](#),” October 2009.

simply dropping out and drifting away (or graduating and “moving on”), this circumstance allowed me to “dwell in the element of [Ken’s] philosophy” as a perpetual student.

“Ten Clues to Better Papers in Philosophy”:

“Any paper benefits from having a title. It gives you and your reader a sense of focus. The challenge is to find a title that is apt—neither too vague, e.g., ‘Kant Paper,’ nor too idiosyncratic, e.g., ‘Why Lockes top Hegels.’”⁴

The oral tradition:

“The one event that I look back upon as most important for me was learning the oral tradition of Russian song. And for that the indispensable figure for me was Denis Mickiewicz.”⁵

“The essence of the ancient Greek world was the *polis*. This was a community held together by a deep-rooted oral tradition that we sometimes call Homer (better: Homers). The notion that Homeric poetry was orally composed goes back to the 18th century. But it has taken a long time to sink in. Some, including some of my best friends in classical studies, continue to resist it. Thanks to a long-term conversational and lyrical involvement with Denis, I was able to overcome that resistance and to arrive at an interpretation of Aristotle, and his relationship with Hegel, that might be a decisive element in our understanding of Western, and ultimately, thanks to Hegel, contemporary global civilization.”⁶

“The assignments from *The Odyssey* represent the six major episodes of the story. Ideally, each would be read aloud—either by yourself or, better, with a group of friends.”⁷

It wasn’t long before I extended this practice of reading out loud to everything I read, most notably my late-night readings of *Being and Time* in the Humanities building (I lived on campus) where I could conduct this “outer logos” activity in private.

For class exams Ken would usually require “passage identifications with *epitomizations*.”⁸ In his discussion of “Hegel’s Encyclopedic Method”⁹ he stressed the importance of “*exemplification*.” When I want to epitomize (or exemplify) this practice of reading out loud, I immediately think of Michael O’Loughlin (Professor of Literature), another giant of the humanities at Purchase.¹⁰ To hear him read the Romantics¹¹ is to “understand what is said,” to be “already with him ... alongside the entity [“the creaking wagon, the north wind, the woodpecker tapping, the fire crackling”] which the discourse is

⁴ “[Ten Clues to Better Papers in Philosophy](#).”

⁵ “A Word to Denis,” p. 1.

⁶ *Ibid.*, p. 3. See also K. Dove, “[A Brief History of the Will](#),” p. 4, fn. 15 (unpublished, available on the website): “The epic poems of Hellas were probably oral compositions based upon performances that extended over generations.”

⁷ [History of Philosophy I: Philosophy in the Polis](#) (syllabus).

⁸ [History of Philosophy I: Final Examination](#).

⁹ K. Dove, “[Words and Things in Aristotle and Hegel: το ον λεγεται πολλαγως](#)” (= WTAH), *The Philosophical Forum*,” Vol. 33, Issue 2, Summer 2002, p. 12.

¹⁰ In my version of “the battle of the Loeb Classic Giants concern being” O’Loughlin reading Suetonius faces off (their offices were across the hall from each other) with Dove reading Aristotle’s *Physics*.

¹¹ Similarly, “when Denis read Pushkin one could hear the music in the verse” (“A Word to Denis,” p. 2).

about.”¹² By contrast, my readings of Shelley, Blake, and Keats yielded something more like “noises or complexes of sounds.”¹³ From Ken and Michael I learned to appreciate the practice of reading out loud with understanding.¹⁴

A final word on “the oral tradition.” After I left Purchase, I had the good fortune of being involved in three reading groups (*Being and Time*, the *Tractatus* and *Philosophical Investigations*) organized and held together by David Lane, a Purchase graduate and former student of Ken’s. In these groups I was able to exercise my ‘dramatic’ habit and attempt to “estimate” the “appropriateness” of what I was hearing from the other readers.

Habit or “second nature”:

“All men by nature desire to know individuals. And they do. Anyone with well-functioning sense organs comes to know individuals all the time. But only a lucky few have had the pleasure of theorizing individuality. There are several reasons for this. The first is that theorizing in general, and especially the theorizing of individuality, requires leisure time and a well-functioning, well-habituated, intellect. Seeing and hearing are activities we perform on the strength of our genetic endowments (our genes); as physical individuals, our activities (living, sensing, and knowing) as well as our motions (qualitative, quantitative, and local) are actualizations of capacities ‘written’ into our genome. Intellection (or ‘nousing’) is an activity performed on the strength of highly cultivated, or civilized, habits (our ‘memes’); as ‘mimetic’ (or ‘cultural’) individuals, our highest activity (theorizing)—as well as our ethical action (*praxis* or ethnocentric interaction with other recognized individuals) and our productive behavior (*techne*, instrumental motions)—are actualizations of capacities that have been post-natally acquired (mostly by mimesis, hence ‘memes,’ the counterparts of ‘genes’ in individuation by genesis).”¹⁵

“Both Aristotle and Hegel take habit or ‘second nature’ to be the key to theory as well as *praxis* in the human world. But we may get into the habit of not taking habit seriously. A bad habit indeed! Although most habits, to Aristotle and Hegel, are good, and indeed indispensable, we may form some habits that are for a time useful but ultimately misleading. That is Hegel’s point in the PhG, where he attempts to come to terms with the millennial habit or propensity, which I shall call ‘Stoic,’ to supplant ‘second natures,’ that is, habits, with putative ‘first natures’ (e.g., minds or wills).”¹⁶

¹² Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, trans. Macquarrie & Robinson, Oxford: Blackwell Publishers Ltd, 1962, p. 207.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 207.

¹⁴ “When what the discourse is about is heard ‘naturally,’ we can at the same time hear the ‘diction,’ the way in which it is said, but only if there is some co-understanding beforehand of what is said-in-the-talk; for only so is there a possibility of estimating whether the way in which it is said is appropriate to what the discourse is about thematically.” *Ibid.*, p. 207.

¹⁵ K. Dove, “[Individuality in the Modern World](#),” p. 3. A paper Ken presented at a session of the Society for Systematic Philosophy at the Annual Meeting of the American Philosophical Association, Eastern Division, Atlanta, GA, December 28, 1989.

¹⁶ LTASH, p. 5.

“Who are ‘we’ in the PhG?”:

“Every reader of the PhG has doubtless puzzled over the significance of the *wir* and the *für uns* which periodically come into view and break up the flow of experience described. In the Preface, before the actual drama gets underway, it is of course clear that the ‘we’ is to be taken in the sense familiar to readers of almost any philosophical work, namely, we philosophers who are following the argument in question. The Introduction may be viewed as a transition from the ordinary philosophical usage of an editorial ‘we’ to the problematical usage of the work itself. Here Hegel comes closest to giving an explicit account of how the term ‘we’ is to be understood in the sequel. Yet even at this juncture the reader is forced to ask himself: “Who are ‘we’?”¹⁷

The Stoics:

The Stoics introduced the “opposition of consciousness” into philosophy and “much else in the West.”

They [the Stoic dogmatists] say that it is not uttered speech (*logos proforikos*) but internal speech (*logos endiathetos*) by which man differs from non-rational animals. . . .” (Sextus Empiricus)

This monumental and ground-breaking distinction, between “uttered speech” and “internal speech,” marks the advent of a way of speaking and thinking that will become “second nature” for philosophy and much else in the West.¹⁸

The distinction between logic and theory:

On the conflation of logic (formal/variables) and theory (the comprehension of determinate processes, “being is said in many ways”):

Ordinarily we do not project the structure of our medium for communication into the subject matter we seek to communicate. But this has now become a standard move in philosophy.¹⁹

The dative/accusative distinction:

“There is a distinction in the PhG between the *dative* and *accusative* dimensions, between what is *for* consciousness and what is *to* consciousness, between what is ‘für das Bewußtsein’ and what is ‘dem Bewußtsein,’ a distinction systematically maintained by Hegel throughout the PhG but one that has been noticed by few if any German scholars and preserved by no translation into any language known to me (except mine). Yet this distinction is the principal clue as to how the ‘Form of consciousness’ may be said to undergo a sequence of *Gestalten* that bids fair to begin, develop, and, most importantly, end, like a classical tragedy.”²⁰

¹⁷ HPM, pp. 8–9.

¹⁸ LTASH, pp. 22–23.

¹⁹ K. Dove, “[Minding our Language](#),” *The Philosophical Forum*, Vol. 49, Issue 4, Winter 2018, p. 5.

²⁰ LTASH, pp. 29–30.

On principles (*archai*):

“Aristotle’s basic contention is that a science like physics is scientific only when it proceeds in accordance with principles (*archai*) and that there are just three kinds of science: those that operate with a single principle, those that employ two, and those whose principles are three. If the principle for explaining a process is one, that principle can only be matter (*hyle*), that which is potentially other than itself in quality or quantity while remaining numerically identical.

According to Aristotle, the notion that the explication of natural processes needs two principles was first fully articulated by Plato. What one-principle theories lacked was an account of the difference between the before and after of physical change, the difference between what is determinable (matter) and what is determinate. This latter Plato called form and since his day the principles of matter and form have tended to guide the mainstreams of western thought, making it, in Whitehead’s celebrated phrase, a series of ‘footnotes to Plato.’ Of course Aristotle recognized Plato’s advance in discovering form as well as matter as a principle of physical process. But he, unlike most of his successors till Hegel, also observed that Plato’s two-principle theory left an important conflation in the explanation of process, namely, between the material or determinable aspect of the change-from-what and the determinate or form-aspect of that matter. When these, thus conflated, are *qua* matter set in contrast to form as the determinate telos of a physical process, the determinate aspect of the change-from-what is systematically excluded from consideration. Thus Plato’s form was grasped as the determinate form-to-which a process proceeds, but this two-principle theory left out of account the form-from-which a process proceeds, conflating this with the material principle—a conflation sustained in all of the many ‘footnotes to Plato’ which have constituted most of science in the meanwhile.

Despite the fact that it has been, till Hegel, largely ignored, Aristotle’s correction of the defect in the Platonic theory of principles is breathtakingly simple. He formulates it in *Physics* I, vii. Any process, to be comprehended, must involve two formal principles as well as a material principle. Thus the principles are: (1) a determinate form from-which the process proceeds, (2) a determinable matter which undergoes the process, and (3) a determinate form-to-which the process proceeds. Hence the most distinctive, albeit mostly forgotten, feature of Aristotelian science: that a fully satisfactory explanation must involve three principles, no more and no less. A corollary of this is that, for a process to be theoretically comprehensible, all three principles must be immanent in the process.”²¹

On processes and *steresis*:

“The PhG, like each of its constituent *Gestalten*, is a *process*. In Aristotle as in Hegel there are three kinds of process: (1) activity (*energeia*); (2) motion (*kinesis*); and (3) contingency (*kata symbebekos*). The structure of each articulates three principles (*archai*): (1) an initial determinacy or form-from-which (*eidos*); (2) a factor *capable* of undergoing a transition from one determinacy or form to its contrary (*enantia*), matter (*hyle*) or substratum (*hupokeimenon*); (3) a telic *eidos* or *telos*, a realizable determinacy or form-to-which. When matter or the hyletic factor is considered in the process as

²¹ K. Dove, “[Aristotelian vs. Socratic Mimesis in Hegelian Perspective](#),” *Das Geistige und das Sinnliche in der Kunst*, Dieter Wandschneider, ed., Würzburg: Königshausen & Neumann, 2005, pp. 5–6.

lacking the form-to-which, its determinacy or form-from-which is called its ‘*steresis*,’ lack or (in Sellars-speak) ‘gappiness.’ Hence the three ‘*archai*’ or principles of a process considered in ‘*theoria*’ may be summarized as (1) *steresis*, (2) *hyle*, and (3) *eidos* or *telos*.”²²

Ken Dove vs. Tom Sheehan:

Why Ken’s Hegel on Aristotle “tops” Sheehan’s (“the best professor I *never* had”)²³ Heidegger on Aristotle: the latter seems to commit that “conflation between the material or determinable aspect of the change-from-what and the determinate or form-aspect of that matter.” I would like to explore whether an indeterminate Heideggerian “hiddenness” (the “lack” of *lethe*) is the result of such a conflation.

Cyber-currency, civil society, and the state:

I was amazed to read a rough draft of Ken’s more recent work on “Blockchain Technology and Civil Society”; he was venturing (with Hegel) into a world that I only knew through the darknet:

Before blockchain technology, contracting parties, for practical purposes, had to rely upon some ‘trusted’ intermediary, usually the state or a bank, to bridge the gap between the stipulation and performance stage of a contract. This necessarily involved a conflation of the state with civil society, thus violating the central principle of ‘modernity’ according to Hegel.

Cyber-currency could facilitate the liberation of civil society from the state and, perhaps even more importantly... the state could be freed from involvement in the economic sphere of civil society.

In a subsequent email Ken explained to me why he ‘abandoned’ this otherwise promising line of inquiry:

I did write a full draft for an article on cyber-currency. But upon consideration I came to see that the argument was inapt. Bitcoin, for example, relies upon the labor time invested in ‘mining’ for its value. I have come to see that any theory of money that relies upon labor time as a measure of value is a mistake.

Bruno Snell:

Every student of Ken’s History of Philosophy I class will remember the following passage (and the page) from Snell’s *The Discovery of the Mind*: “We are accustomed to look upon the will as the mainspring of action. But the will, ever straining and champing at the bit, is a notion foreign to the Greeks; they do not even have a word for it.”²⁴ Ken spoke with Snell about his “famous thesis”: “In a 1970 conversation Snell said that he had learned from Hegel ‘alles was ich weiß,’ ‘everything I know,’ about the absence of the will in classical Greek antiquity.”²⁵

²² LTASH, p. 39.

²³ See Stephen Bungay’s tribute.

²⁴ Bruno Snell, *The Discovery of the Mind in Greek Philosophy and Literature*, tr. by T.G. Rosenmeyer, New York: Dover, 1982, p. 182.

²⁵ LTASH, p. 17, fn. 64.

Wilfrid Sellars:

“I only discovered that the PhG pointed to Aristotle in the late 1970s. It resulted, in part, from years of mulling an *obiter dictum* tossed off by Wilfrid Sellars during a graduate seminar in 1959: ‘Hegel is the Aristotle of the modern world.’”²⁶

“My ‘introduction’ to Hegel came by means of repeated readings of the *Tractatus* under the guidance of Wilfrid Sellars, and later. I had previously attempted to read the PhG and the Enz but (despite fluency in German) they remained completely dark until I came to the PhG with Sellars’ interpretation of the *Tractatus*. Every page of my dissertation (written in 1964) on the PhG was thought with constant reference to the *Tractatus*.”²⁷

The connection between the PhG and the *Tractatus* intrigues me; it also remains “completely dark” to me, one that I’ll be “mulling” for years to come. In an email Ken ‘summarized’ the connection:

My basic argument is not so complicated, though *unbekannt*, and therefore *unerkannt*. It is that since Chrysippus the standards of persuasion in philosophy have been set so high, logically, in my sense of the word, that theoretical arguments have become unattainable. So this formalistic dream has become a nightmare, though a theological joy to the Augustinian tradition, including, of course, Descartes. Hegel saw this and worked out a solution, the PhG. Wittgenstein saw this and formulated a puzzle, the *Tractatus*. The point is that Wittgenstein saw it and Sellars intimated it, I attempted to work with it, and now Brandom plays with it.

“Brilliant” Brandom:

“I am afraid that Robert Brandom has remained imprisoned by the ‘Form of consciousness’ in his, admittedly brilliant, *Making It Explicit*.”²⁸

For Ken, the *transitions* in the *Phenomenology* “cannot be simply pointed out; [they] must be worked through”:²⁹ “Hegel’s original insight is that ... an ‘in-itself’ reduced to a ‘for-itself’ is itself a hidden ‘in-itself,’ namely a *for-itself* (accusative) *to* consciousness (dative). Within the ‘Form of consciousness,’ this transition is invisible, both *to* sceptical as well as *to* dogmatic consciousness. But the transition, however hidden, must be made, and the distinction between the ‘in-itself’ and ‘for-itself’ must be maintained, else consciousness would no longer be the foundational structure of knowledge, the ultimate elimination of which (PhG VIII) is the whole purpose of the PhG.”³⁰ Brandom, on the other hand, is not one to make “philosophical heavy weather” about such transitions; he suggests we simply “turn the page” (my apologies to Prof. Brandom if I have misrepresented him here; I’m ‘citing’ one of his YouTube lectures from memory).

²⁶ Ibid., p. 2, fn. 8.

²⁷ Ibid., p. 2, fn. 10.

²⁸ Ibid., p. 29, fn. 105.

²⁹ HPM, p. 16.

³⁰ LTASH, p. 30.

Dieter Henrich, “The Proof-Structure of Kant’s Transcendental Deduction”:

“The published version of a lecture which your instructor invited Henrich to deliver—and which, to his surprise, he had to translate into English (without acknowledgement in the published version)—at Yale in 1968. It has proved to be one of the most compelling readings of the most controversial section of the first *Critique*.”³¹

I wanted to put this “compelling” paper on the website—with the acknowledgement—so I emailed Prof. Henrich and asked for his permission and he kindly agreed.

Aryeh Kosman:

“Kosman’s many articles on Aristotle are to me among the best of twentieth-century scholarship and I am, despite my deep disagreement, very indebted to him.”³²

I wrote to Ken when I heard about Kosman’s death:

With respect to your development of—and departure from—Kosman on the theme of motion (*kinesis*) and activity (*energeia*) in Aristotle some might say, rather crudely, that you not only aristotelianized Hegel (“what separates Hegel from Aristotle is the determination to carry the Aristotelian project to completion”³³), you also hegelianized Aristotle contra Kosman (“Kosman does not seem to have fully appreciated the difficulty of grasping *energeia* independently of the opposition of consciousness,”³⁴ for him “the structure of *energeia* is analogous to that of Kant’s *Selbstbewußtsein*”³⁵).

Ken on Kojève’s Hegel:

“Three years after doing this translation [“In Place of an Introduction to Hegel’s Phenomenology”], to facilitate the teaching of Hegel at Williams College in 1964, the translator received a copy of a letter (dated Paris, 30/III/67) from M. Kojève, whom he was scheduled to meet during a 1967–68 research fellowship in Europe. Owing to Kojève’s untimely death (at a lectern) in the spring of 1968, that meeting did not take place.

It may not be out of place to append a selection from that letter which is a characteristic and illuminating indication of how he came to his bizarre but curiously helpful interpretation of Hegel’s *Phenomenology*:

I had read the PhG a few times without understanding anything about it. Then, Al. Koyré having asked me to replace him at the EHE [L’École des Hautes Études], I had to continue his course on the PhG (on which he had only commented on the first two chapters). I didn’t know how I could comment on a text that I didn’t understand. Then, suddenly, I had something of an “illumination”—I understood that the passage: “Die Wunden des Geistes heilen, ohne daß Narben bleiben; ...” [“The wounds of the Spirit heal and leave no scars

³¹ [Kant Bibliography](#), p. 6.

³² LTASH, p. 21, fn. 78.

³³ WTAH, p. 14.

³⁴ LTASH, p. 21.

³⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 21, fn. 78.

behind; ...”] [Hegel, PhG VI—Hoffmeister ed., p. 470], relates to Napoleon’s victory over Germany. Then everything was suddenly clear. I haven’t even reread the book. I simply commented on page after page: each page confirmed my interpretation.”³⁶

M.B. Foster:

As a Romantic I was fascinated by Ken’s ‘praise’ of Foster: “the troubled protestant genius.”³⁷

Ken “Corleone”:

Picture the scene of Ken holding court at a Purchase Philosophy Club party as deferential students approached him: “Excuse me Professor Dove, I don’t know much about Hegel but could you do me a favor. . . .”

The Parthenon/Pantheon distinction:

“The Doric Parthenon, like its Ionic siblings on the Acropolis of Athens, is a radically public building. There is no inner/outer distinction that comes to view. Since it is open, there is no rite of passage to enter it. Like the classic nudes of Polykleitos and Praxiteles, and the poetry of Homer, it invokes no foreground/background contrast because everything is in the foreground. Whether seen from inside or out, everything is clear. Hadrian’s Roman Pantheon is an entirely different story, the other side of the story in this brief history. Here interiority is everything.”³⁸

Politan *paideia* vs. “portable” *paideia*:

Politan *paideia* is “ethnocentric,” “portable” *paideia* can be understood as “universal because interior to all members of that species which ‘means’ what it says, the interiority we have come to call ‘mind.’”³⁹

Rocca Pisana:

I am eternally grateful to Ken and Jen for the “enchanting” time we spent together ... on the portico, under the rotunda, and at the long table sharing good food, stimulating conversation, and lots of laughs.⁴⁰

Your perennial student,

John

* * *

³⁶ K. Dove, “[In Place of an Introduction to Hegel’s Phenomenology](#),” p. 6.

³⁷ K. Dove, “[Hegel and Creativity](#),” *The Owl of Minerva*, Vol. 9, Issue 4, June 1978, p. 3. I find it fascinating because “in art, one-principled theories can take the form of a romantic appeal to ‘creative genius’ as the genitor of artworks” (“Aristotelian vs. Socratic Mimesis,” p. 5). As I understand him, Ken is more sympathetic to *three*-principled protestants.

³⁸ “A Brief History of the Will,” pp. 3–4.

³⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 2.

⁴⁰ The makeup of our group was more conducive to “A Midsummer Night’s Sex Comedy” (without the sexcapades) than to a symposium.

Ken Dove as Educator

SHARON RIDER

I began college in the fall of 1980, just a few months short of my 17th birthday. My reasons for choosing SUNY Purchase weren't very good. In a sense, it was hardly a choice at all. I had no money, nor any sense of direction or purpose. I fancied myself a bohemian, and Purchase had a reputation that appealed to me: a downmarket Bennington College, a place for proles with attitude and some artistic talent, with the added attraction of immediate proximity to NYC.

Every student was assigned a mentor. Ken was mine. In that capacity, he did much more than advise me about courses and credits. He made me see myself as someone who can *think*, not just take exams and write papers. But he also made me understand that my adolescent infatuation with everything offbeat and nonconformist was something that I needed to overcome. When the time came to decide upon a topic for my senior thesis, I proposed something on *The Birth of Tragedy*. Ken's diagnosis was that focusing my intellectual energies on Nietzsche would not be beneficial. I don't recall the details of the conversation, but he somehow convinced me that what I *really* wanted to write about was Aristotle's *Metaphysics*. Looking back, I would have to say that he was right.

Having taught at public universities myself now for almost forty years, I must say that the courses that I took for Ken were quite remarkable. In my sophomore year, for instance, Ken gave a survey course on ancient philosophy in which we read, aside from Plato and Aristotle, Fustel de Coulanges' *The Ancient City*. In retrospect, the very notion of using *that* as a history textbook for teenagers at a relatively non-selective public college in 1982 strikes me as utterly mad. For that matter, so is engaging them in a close reading of *The Phenomenology of Spirit*, together with secondary literature, for a five-credit class. Ken saw things differently. His attitude was that we were just as capable as the students at Yale, but we would only find that out by applying ourselves. He also made us feel that what we were doing was important, that we should regard ourselves as belonging to a privileged few who had the luxury of engaging in pure thought at the highest level if we only put our minds to it, thus actualizing the greatest potential of the species—and all this on the taxpayer's dime.

Even if our studies in philosophy under Ken's guidance were concentrated primarily on the history of philosophy, especially Plato, Aristotle, Kant and Hegel, we also spent time on themes and works that reflected and intervened in the current philosophical debate. In my junior year, Ken taught a course in which we read Ian Hacking's *Why Does Language Matter to Philosophy?* and Richard Rorty's *Philosophy and the Mirror of Nature*. The latter had caused quite a scandal when it was published, just a couple of years before Ken assigned it in his class. I remember vividly sitting in the campus cafeteria drinking coffee and reading Rorty's book when one of my other philosophy professors, a specialist on computational and representational theories of mind, happened to see me. Apparently displeased and disquieted, he asked me what possessed me to read *that book*. And then he posed the question pointedly: "Ken assigned it, didn't he?" I was addled by the implicit criticism of my advisor. It felt as if he were demanding that I confess to some wrongdoing on Ken's part, to testify that he had indeed introduced new gods to Purchase and corrupted its youth.

Interviewing me for acceptance at the PhD program at Penn State after I had graduated, my future supervisor, Stanley Rosen, remarked matter-of-factly: “You know, you’re very lucky. You obviously had no idea what you were doing when you chose to study at Purchase for your BA. By all rights, it should have been the bottom of the philosophical barrel. It just so happened that Dove was there, but that was just your good fortune.” Indeed.

* * *

JIM WILKINSON

Dear Ken,

The occasion for our first meeting was my decision in the fall of 1972 to double major in philosophy and history of ideas, and when I consulted with Nathaniel Lawrence about this, he said that one of my remaining requirements in philosophy would be to take the survey course in modern philosophy which you as a visiting professor would be teaching. From the beginning I was struck by your insight into the philosophers studied, culminating in Kant (about whose first *Critique* I and three other students had in the previous year done an independent study supervised by Dan O'Connor). The spring 1973 seminar on Hegel's *Phenomenology* was the most memorable class I had at Williams College; simultaneously I was taking a course on Aristotle, who, with Hegel has since then most influenced my philosophical outlook.

Upon graduation from Williams I had no plans for the rest of my life; certainly I had not planned to go to graduate school, but over the following summer and fall (while building a rock garden) I found myself continuing to do philosophy, including learning German to translate Hegel's *Phenomenology*, so I decided to enroll in philosophy at the Graduate Faculty for the spring semester. At Williams I had had several courses on social and political philosophy, but "Praxis, Contract, and Interaction" in the spring of 1974 has provided me with the basic orientation with which I continue to approach this field. It was the first time I had read the *Philosophy of Right*, and your discussion of Aristotle involved incisive presentations of not only the practical philosophy but also his *Physics*, which I was simultaneously studying in the class offered by Ernst Vollrath. From speaking with you since, I know that you no longer embrace the distinction between Aristotle's 'divine cosmology' and 'divine psychology' as the best orientation to his thought, but it was at least for me an excellent distinction to set me thinking, as did so many of the provisional but stark contrasts you would from time to time present to classes. Also outstanding was the engrossing later course on Hobbes and then the course on the *Grundrisse*, with its remarkably illuminating placement of the mature Marx's diachronic project within the synchronic framework of Hegel's discussion of civil society. It was these courses which initiated the thinking which led to my paper on the family with footnotes referring to both Hegel and Aristotle.

More probing still than at Williams, your course on the first *Critique* helped me to grasp the importance, for an articulation of Kant's project, of understanding key passages such as at B125, the footnote at B160, and the footnote at B201, all of which were central to formulating the interpretation of the book when I taught it in a graduate seminar at the University of Kentucky. But of course the highlight of my student years was the experience of the graduate seminars on the *Phenomenology* and the *Logic* and then the study group (which I was happy I could host at my apartment) on the *Naturphilosophie*. My experience of the intellectual intensity you stimulated among that community of learners is something for which I will always be grateful. You brought home to me what I still think is Hegel's most striking claim, viz., that the topics his project considers are not static but rather processes of (three) different kinds which a thinker enables but does not direct (to which is connected your later distinction of Aristotelian from Socratic mimesis). Given this project, it can become clear

that the function of the *Phenomenology* is to enable readers to come to welcome the opportunity to engage in this project and that doing so can help enable only seemingly static topics of the domains of *Realphilosophie* to become processes. That at least is what I attempted to articulate and defend in my dissertation.

What was unexpected and no less exciting was your later discussion of Aristotle's project's investigations of processes as the main precursor to Hegel's project. Most remarkable was your characterization of ἐνέργεια as the 'actualization of a potential qua actual.' These investigations were central to an impressively clarifying account of the periodization of the entire history of philosophy. Not unconnected to this and also quite helpful for me was your still later articulation of the irrelevance (for philosophy) and the centrality (for logic) of variables. I have recently tried to separate out the use of variables from a revisionary articulation of von Wright's insight (in his *Norm and Action*) that both changes and deeds involve, as you stress with Aristotle, a from-which, a to-which, and something underlying and are kinds of κίνησις which can be distinguished from what von Wright calls 'activities.'

I have over the years also enjoyed our discussions of music and much else. Sadly for health reasons (of my partner Laurie and my own) I was unable to attend any of your summer gatherings, but I still fondly remember my one visit to Venice now many years ago and time spent with you and Jen on your visits back to the United States.

Jim



* * *

Kenley Dove and My Addiction to Foundation-Free Systematic Philosophy

RICHARD DIEN WINFIELD

I have had but one truly great, truly inspirational teacher in all my years in the academy, one who has grounded all my subsequent philosophical explorations, placing before me, like so many of his students, the challenge of fulfilling the project of a foundation-free systematic philosophy. This teacher is Kenley Dove and his writings give but a partial glimpse of his towering achievement as an educator, of which only we his students can give testimony.

Of course, Kenley's work as a midwife of truth is inextricably tied to Hegel's system, for which Kenley has provided an interpretation heretofore shared by almost no one but Hegel himself. Kenley's classroom development of that interpretation of Hegel as a systematic thinker operating with no foundations has liberated me and so many of his other students from the often agonizing incomprehension of the mysterious Hegelian enterprise.

I first encountered Hegel's writing in my freshman year at Yale in a two-semester Directed Studies introductory philosophy course, in which Miklós Vető brought our journey through Western philosophy to an intriguing but bewildering close with some selections from Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit*. The next year I had an intellectually life-changing experience by taking Kenley's two-semester Directed Studies second level philosophy class, which spent the Fall term examining almost the entire transcendental analytic of Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, and significant portions of Hegel's *Phenomenology of Spirit* and *Science of Logic*, before turning in the Spring term to explorations of Hegel's *Philosophy of Right* in contrast to selections from Max Weber and Marx's *Grundrisse* and *Capital*. Although Yale at that time had its share of academics discussing Hegel, such as John Findlay, John Smith, and Ken Mills, only Dove's class gave me a compelling, coherent exposure to the distinction between dogmatic, transcendental, and systematic philosophy, to the propaedeutic role of the *Phenomenology of Spirit*, to the non-metaphysical development of categories of the *Science of Logic*, and to the task of a systematic *Realphilosophie* as exemplified in the *Philosophy of Right*. I was not alone, for Kenley had inspired an avid undergraduate and graduate following (including such future academics as Joshua Cohen, Anthony Kronman, and Andreas Eschete), which not infrequently enjoyed the hospitality of Kenley and his first wife, Christa, at their New Haven home, not to mention his periodic Schubert lieder recitals and Yale Russian Chorus concerts.

The following year I set off to Paris, enrolled at the University of Paris at Vincennes, and took classes with the likes of Foucault, Lévi-Strauss, Rancière, and Badiou, none of whom either shook my new Dove-inspired philosophical orientation or gave me much intellectual sustenance. Instead, I turned to French translations of works of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Marx, and Lukács that were still unavailable in English and wrote in French a pile of essays, expecting to deliver them to Kenley upon my return to Yale. I came back for two more years at Yale College, continued coursework with Kenley on the *Phenomenology*, *Logic*, and *Realphilosophie*, and embarked on a final Senior thesis trying to uncover, with little success, the logic in Hegel's *Philosophy of History*, under Kenley's supervision.

Kenley, like all my junior philosophy professors at Yale (with the exception of Karsten Harries) was denied tenure, and I set off to Heidelberg to both learn German and to attend philosophy

classes. Heidelberg was still haunted by the presence of Karl Löwith and Hans-Georg Gadamer, but was led by Dieter Henrich, with Michael Theunissen and Hans Fulda holding the rear of Hegel studies. I ended up writing a Master's Thesis under Henrich, and took seminars with him and Theunissen, both of whom were serious teachers and scholars of Hegel, but neither could compete with the systematic understanding and inspiration that Kenley brought to the classroom.

The die was cast: I would continue concentrating my efforts on comprehending the project of systematic philosophy without foundations, and entered a Ph.D. program at Yale, which seemed to be one of the very few leading departments that would let me continue on the path that my undergraduate years had fostered. Soon, Dove had left his interim teaching position at Williams College and had joined the Graduate Faculty of the New School. I then decided to travel to NYC once a week to sit in on some of Kenley's Graduate Faculty seminars. Here I met an expanded cohort of bitten students, including fellow former Yale undergraduate students of Kenley like Dale Ponikvar and Jerry Nashban, but now involving such people as Bob Berman, Bill Maker, Frank Kirkland, Jim Wilkinson, Alan Ponikvar, and Marcella Tarozzi, as well as many others who more skeptically viewed the systematic project. For me, this was the center of my intellectual nourishment during my years as a Ph.D. student, and I remember fondly, as some of you will do, the times after class at the Cedar Tavern, where Kenley would preside over a full table of not so docile proteges. Our meetings would continue under a more official status when Kenley joined in launching the Society for Systematic Philosophy, which still exists, now under the active direction of my former Ph.D. student, Greg Moss.

Alas, Kenley did not get tenure at the Graduate Faculty and ended his career at SUNY at Purchase, where he had no more graduate students to enlighten and then enlighten others. Some of his undergraduate students, like Jay Gupta, have become philosophy professors, but neither Kenley nor we his immediate students have managed to seed the profession with enough new blood to turn the tide.

Only once did Sujata, our children, and I manage to visit Kenley and his wife Jennie in Venice and I regret that we have had so little opportunity to meet in person over the last decades. Meanwhile, I have been devoting my teaching and writing to vindicating Hegel's achievement in the *Phenomenology of Spirit* and *Science of Logic*, and to trying to do what Hegel should have done in the various spheres of *Realphilosophie*. All three of my children have studied philosophy, one at Yale, another at Emory, and a third at William and Mary, but I regret to say that none had a professor anywhere as inspiring as Kenley, nor did they have a chance to become introduced to the true project of Hegelian philosophy. When my own undergraduates ask me for suggestions on where to continue their graduate studies in philosophy, I am more and more at a loss as what to suggest.

Yet I feel lucky to have come under Kenley's spell and to have had many decades to push further what his inspiration has fostered. I hope we all take the opportunity to share our experiences and make Kenley's writings more available.

* * *

~ **CONDOLENCES** ~

PETE ANDREWS

Dear Lewis, and all,

Thank you for sharing this sad news. Kenley was indeed a memorable tenor (or “baritenor,” as you point out), as well as a fine intellect and outstanding teacher. His high tenor notes soloing on “Kolokolchik” were unforgettable, and his duets with Jimmy Sloan on “Metelitsa” were legendary—as were his many philosophical discussions and distinctions at YRC parties.

I knew Kenley as both tenor and teacher. In addition to singing with him in the YRC, I was an undergraduate philosophy major and took his seminar on Hegel, from which I gained not only a rich understanding of Hegel and his scholarly contemporaries, but also a model exemplar of effective seminar teaching methods, which I then adopted myself and used throughout my teaching career. In class each week we read and discussed Hegel’s entire *Phänomenologie des Geistes*; but in addition, he assigned topics to each of us (not just self-chosen term papers) for essays to share with the class as we went along, on scholars who influenced Hegel (e.g. Kant, Hölderlin, Schelling, Fichte) and other contextual issues that had influenced the text we were reading. The result was a far more comprehensive understanding than we might otherwise have gained. It was one of the best courses I took at Yale, and I have always been grateful for what I learned from Kenley about good teaching as well as the subject matter of the course.

Vechnaya pamyat’,

Pete Andrews

* * *

JOHN M. FRANCIS

Dear Jenny,

Elaine and I learned from Ray of your loss. There are many memories but life will never again be the same. Your loss is our loss, too. I scarcely remember a time when I didn’t know Ken. Our paths in life have taken such different twists that they rarely crossed. (Ours in Korea, Zimbabwe, Russia). So often I have thought of Ken when I needed a quick review of some notion. No one could be more exact than Ken. I am glad that we managed a visit in Budapest. Elaine and I have retired to Philadelphia. Should you be nearby please let us know. Please give our warmest greetings and condolences to the children.

Fondly, and sadly,

John

* * *

MARK A. HEWITT

Bratsy i syostry:

As one who has researched the history of the YRC in preparation for our Seventieth Anniversary celebration, I can say that both Kenley Dove and Dan Gsovski were *muzhiks* of the first order. Without them there would be no chorus as we see it today. Ken was not only a magnificent soloist and musician, and a first-rate philosopher, he was present at many of the defining events in chorus history. Here are a few:

Joining the 1959 tour to the Soviet Union, after coming to Yale from the St. Olaf Choir, Ken sang his first “Kalinka” solos to delight Russian audiences. He also debated the principles of Marxism/Leninism with Soviet citizens in the streets of Moscow, angering KGB minders. Those who were with him will have to confirm whether this resulted in detention on that tour or not, but Ken was never afraid of confrontation (as he was generally on the winning side of any debate). Please send me any details you remember about that story.

He was a leader of the more problematic 1960 tour, during which street performances were limited in the USSR and much of the trip was through Europe in VW minibuses. On the triumphant 1962 tour he performed solos during the prize-winning performances at the Lille International Choral Festival and in the wonderful Philips recording that followed. That group was certainly one of the best vocal ensembles that Denis assembled during his years as music director.

Because he stayed in New Haven to work on his dissertation and later teach, Ken was a regular for the remainder of Denis’s time during the 1960s, anchoring the tenor section as new members came and went. As Dan Gsovski took the helm from Denis in 1964 that core was an essential element in maintaining morale and solidifying the institution. Even after Ken left to take on teaching elsewhere (Williams, SUNY Purchase) he returned often to lend his fine tenor and perform key solos.

I had the great privilege, with George Huber, of leading our stalwart group on the Verona Garda festival tour in 2016, during which Ken was both an audience member and host. As always he enriched our experience immeasurably. If any of you have key memories, please send them on to me for inclusion in our brief history.

Mark A. Hewitt

* * *

HARALD HILLE

Dear Jenny,

Ray Steckel forwarded us your devastating news. We didn’t realize how badly Ken’s health had deteriorated.

He was one of my first friends in the Russian Chorus.

One of the memorable things Ken did for Yale College was to help promote and organize a course on Marx and Marxism. He lectured on the Hegelian run-up to Marxism, of course. Barrier-breaking for that time (late 50s, early 60s).

We were both on the 1960 summer tour to the USSR. We celebrated his birthday there and gave him a portrait of Lenin, two feet on a side, which became a bit of a burden for him. It tended to get shoved into some empty space in the cars we were driving and was not treated with as much respect as the Russians wanted. Finally they confiscated it and scolded us for not showing more respect for the image of their leader. Secretly relieved, I imagine, Ken didn't put up much of a fight over the loss.

Many fine occasions—we will miss him greatly. We hope you will have occasion to visit the USA again and we can all get together.

Be well,

HH & JH

* * *

GEORGE HUBER

I will always recall the first time I heard Kenley sing, when he joined the then-current YRC somewhere on a spring tour to California; this would have been in the late '60s-early '70s. All I remember clearly is our rehearsal in a school lunchroom with his incomparably rich, sweet first tenor suddenly joining in. I had never heard a more beautiful voice live. It was unforgettable. His vocal contributions, solo and concertato, and those of several other wonderful first tenors are abundantly on display on the 1962 Philips recording and other tapes of that era.

Vechnaya pamyat' to a staunch colleague and friend and an extremely talented musician.

George Huber

* * *

ROBERT L. KEENEY

Dear Jenny,

Still thinking of you and Ken. Found the attached (see below) in my files. You probably have it, but it reminded me of a lot.

Dear YRC Brothers,

It is almost blasphemy to compare any of our performances with those of the divine Hvorostovski. Still, we have had our moments. Let me relate a couple that pertain to me.

We emerged as a major Yale singing group in the aftermath of the 1958 tour of the USSR. I arrived at Yale in September 1958 during this aftermath. I had been an undergraduate at St. Olaf College, where I had sung in the renowned St. Olaf Choir, under its founder's son, Olaf C. Christiansen, for three years. Having spent a large amount of time with the St. Olaf Choir, I came to Yale with the vow to devote my energies 100% to philosophy. But then I relented and joined the Battell Chapel Choir of the Yale University Christian Congregation, which incidentally paid a modest but welcome stipend. I was auditioned by the YUC conductor, Luther Noss, who liked to talk. Within hours of my audition word had spread that there was a tenor in New Haven with a solid high-C. One of the first to take notice was YRC tenor Charlie Neff, also a YUC member. With no hesitation he joined with Jimmy Sloan and contacted me to arrange for a meeting with Denis Mickiewicz over coffee at Bob's Yorkside Inn. Well, that was short and friendly. Denis invited me to attend the next YRC rehearsal in Saybrook College. I did and from the first moments of "Vlotsa" my soul was won over. Vows are made to be broken.

Denis first tried out my tenor with an arrangement of "Vnis po matushke po volge." He liked it. I liked it. And so it became a staple of our repertoire. The main tenor soloist at that time was Charlie Neff. When he at the last minute decided not to make our 1959 USSR tour I found myself walking along the river Main in Frankfurt, where I taught myself "Kalinka" and other blockbusters.

Our next stop was Berlin, where we were invited to a party at the Freie Universität sponsored by their 'English Club.' At that event my then roommate, Phil Proctor, flirted outrageously, in French, with a charming young student, whom I came to know the next day as Christa Schlieske, who became my first wife. I had invited Dieter Schulmeister, whom I had met in 1957 at a 'tent camp' (*Zeltlager*) for the Socialist Youth Movement (*Die Falken*), which I studied in summer 1957 under a SPAN grant administered by the University of Minnesota, in Bavaria, to attend that English Club party, though he spoke no English. But it was in deference to Dieter that I made no attempt to meet Christa then. Well, Dieter invited me to lunch the next day at his home in East Berlin. He was proud to show me his newly acquired motor-scooter, which he planned to take to a *Zeltlager* he would join that evening. So after lunch Dieter offered me a ride down Karl-Marx-Allee, where I just happened to spot Philip, Christa, Arne Karloff (a Swedish dentist and YRC basso then at Yale Med School who had sung with us the previous year) and Christa's sister Marianne. So I asked Dieter to let me off his scooter and I joined them. They had just completed their shopping expedition, for sheet music, in East Berlin and were about to take the U-Bahn (subway) back to Kurfürstendamm to have a Berliner Weisse (a Bavarian wheat beer with fruit jam added). I got to know Christa a bit and even learned her telephone number: 668626—the Berlin telephone system could then be encompassed with six digits. But we had no communication over the next 3 years.

The next day we were expecting to travel by train from Berlin over Warsaw to Moscow. At the East Berlin train station we were informed that our transit visas to the USSR were invalid. As the only YRCer at hand who spoke fluent German, mine was the task of negotiating a validation of our *Durchreisevisen*. I don't really recall how I did it but Jimmy Guyot, who knew some German, was at hand and testified to the group that I had. And it worked.

That was the main reason I was elected president of the Yale Russian Chorus in September 1959, a post I held, as a successor to the first YRC president, George Litten, till the end of my Yale professorship in 1972—there wasn't much competition. (But just imagine, elected

president of the YRC because I could speak German, and negotiate. The incongruity of it all hit me right away and that's why I signed up for Russian 25, Yale's intensive introduction to Russian—six days a week with native speakers, like Denis's sister and Nina Berberova, a super teacher whose standing as one of Russia's premier 20th century novelists was then unknown to me, meeting at 8 a.m., plus grammar lectures by the excellent Prof. Bergin—in September 1959. In the summers of 1960 and 61 I jabbered non-stop pa russki. By fall 1961 I had become the reviewer of books in Russian for *The Review of Metaphysics*. That skill has ossified.)

So I spent the rest of that beautiful day in a train compartment traveling across Poland with Willie Ruff, now Yale Professor of Music, emeritus, who, with Dwiki Mitchell, were to be our jazz companions during that USSR tour. Willie told me endless stories about growing up dirt poor in Alabama in the 1940s and 50s and how he lied about his age to get into the army, where his musical education really began. The Mitchell-Ruff Duo, which had developed a solid reputation in NYC, presented the first jazz concert in the USSR at the Tchaikovsky Concert Hall in Moscow. Willie, to me miraculously, gave an introductory lecture in Russian, the audience was spellbound by their performance, and afterwards pleaded hopelessly with Willie and Dwiki for scores of the music. The event was widely reported in the western press.

For our 1959 tour we received recognition (and some contributions for 1960) from NY ex-gov. Averell Harriman, MA Senator John F. Kennedy, and MN Senator Hubert H. Humphrey (documents on record) for our “outstanding contribution” to cultural exchange. Our actual supporters, subsidizers, for the tour, the CIA, couldn't have cared less about the ‘cultural exchange’ the Lacy-Zarubin Agreement of 1958 was designed to facilitate. They just wanted airborne photos of missile sites, which in 1958 and 59 they got.

During 1959–60, as a new YRC president who took his job a bit too seriously, we had fortnightly dinner meetings in the tower of Silliman College, each time with the participation of an apt member of the Yale faculty, e.g., Karl Deutsch and Charles Lindblom. Despite my role as YRC president I was not informed how the 1958 and 59 tours had been funded. So from September 1959 I launched a fund-raising campaign for our 1960 tour. By early spring we had raised \$18,000, not bad but not quite enough for a group of 30. Then I got a visit from Reynolds Burgund, our YRC-Yale-CIA connection. He recommended that I write to the Richardson Foundation in Dallas, Texas for a contribution. The contribution was so generous that we had a big surplus. So I decided to use it for an early summer study group—a Yale course in Russian especially designed for our needs and more seminars with Yale faculty on topics relevant to our forthcoming post-concert pow-wows in the USSR. To the consternation of some, I made participation in this pre-tour program of study a precondition for participation in the tour. So for the first time in three years all members of this YRC tour could not only sing but also speak some Russian.

Ordinary members of the CIA were, and perhaps still are, called “spooks.” They are generally not very intelligent. For example in spring 1960 they gave us a generous grant before inquiring how we would travel in the USSR. Well, on the basis of my experience on the 1959 tour I concluded that cultural exchange best takes place on the ground and accordingly contracted with an outfit in Frankfurt to rent four VW minibuses for our tour. When the CIA learned of this they were not happy—remember they, unlike Harriman, Kennedy, and Humphrey, didn't give a shit about ‘cultural exchange.’ All they wanted were spy photos from the air. But our deal via the Richardson Foundation was a deal. Basta.

Perhaps enough said about our 1960 tour. But I'll add one footnote. Jimmy Sloan had a micro-camera and used it to photograph around a Soviet railroad station. Now that was a no no. So Jimmy was apprehended and held in custody for some hours. As YRC president and more pertinently leader of the tour it became my duty to 'rescue' him. When I arrived at the Soviet police station it became immediately clear that the officers were relieved to see me. Jimmy, notebook in hand, had been interrogating the police about everything that interested him, which was a lot. So their first request from me was to get this guy out of their hair. Which I did.

Word of Jimmy's apprehension was somehow conveyed to CIA types in the USA. So when we boarded our homebound plane a telegraphic message was given to me saying that there would be a 'news conference' at Idlewild (JFK) in 1960, and that I was expected to expose the atrocities. Once disembarked at Idlewild I mounted to a 'press conference' podium and made a very brief presentation: "Gentlemen, there were no atrocities." Someone whispered "couldn't you make some up?" which I didn't think deserved an answer. So I disappointed some people.

I could go on, but I've probably gone on for too long already.

So that's my story for today.

Ken Dove

In June 1962, much to our surprise, we won the international choral competition in Lille, France. For reasons that I cannot reconstruct we then proceeded, dangerously, with our RHD VW minibuses, to Cambridge, UK, where we performed magnificently in the Guildhall (where my then wife-to-be, Jennifer Middleton, played cello in the orchestra. She did not attend our concert.). That night in Cambridge I sang, perhaps for the first time in public, "Adnasvutchna grimit Kolokolchik." I was in good voice and some decades ago Denis sent me a cassette recording of "Kolokolchik" that Jenny and I both found winning. If any of you, including Denis, know of its whereabouts and can do an analog to digital transfer, I'd be very grateful. Incidentally, I did perform "Kolokolchik" during our spring Sunday afternoon concert at Woolsey Hall in spring 1963. I cannot forget the remark made to me by Professor Victor Erlich at the vodka reception: "With your performance of 'Kolokolchik' you brought together sentimentality and irony." I treasure that.

From 1963 to 1965 I was on the faculty of Williams College, co-listed by the departments of philosophy and Russian studies.

For AY 1965-66 I was called back to Yale.

Hope to see you in New York.

All the very best,

Rob

* * *

DOUGLAS LACKEY

Dear Jen,

It has been a few weeks since I heard the terrible news about Ken; I should have written much sooner.

As you know, I admired Ken's mind very much, and tried, as best I could, to get some of his unpublished essays into print, including his translation of the first chapter of Hegel's *Phenomenology of Mind*. My view of Ken's philosophical abilities goes all the way back to Yale, when my mentor and the great Hegel scholar, J.N. Findlay, told me that "that young fellow Dove knows all of Hegel's letters by heart."

I soon found out that that young fellow had a hell of a voice, as my roommate was in the Russian Chorus and I went to all their concerts. Ken's "Kalina" was unforgettable: everybody thought that.

But in the present circumstances I want also to recall Ken's moral qualities. Here is an anecdote that nobody knows about. In May 1970, I defended my doctoral dissertation before an examining committee at Yale and Ken was one of the examiners. I passed the exam and wandered out of the building alone and dazed and depressed that my thesis was not as good as I hoped. I had gotten half a block down the street, when I heard someone calling out my name. I turned around, and there was Ken running to catch up with me and inviting me out for a celebratory drink. A simple act of kindness, but I remember it down to this day.

Then much more recently, there was the invitation to the Villa Rocca. Laura painted three views of the villa, which hang over my piano. Our stay at Villa Rocca was perhaps the most memorable vacation that Laura and I ever had. And when I walk the dog and look at Mars chasing Jupiter across the sky, I think back on the star-studded skies of that summer, when Jupiter and Mars and Saturn and Venus all marched in a line from east to west. It will always be true that we were all there then.

In sympathy,

Douglas and Laura

* * *

ROBERTO MEINRATH

Unlike many of you, I cannot address Ken's scholarly pursuits. But I miss his solos and duets with Jimmy, and I miss his Schubert recitals in New Haven. And, personally, I am eternally grateful for the two most wonderful vacation experiences of my life, one week by his then home in Capri with a few other YRCers and one week commemorating his 80th birthday at a leased sixteenth century Palladian style villa on top of a hill by Vicenza. Pure Kenley those, sprinkled with fond memories of

his lengthy philosophical diatribes for non-philosophers when toasting the chorus during our post-concert receptions.

Vechnaya pamyat',

Roberto

* * *

DENIS MICKIEWICZ

Dear Pete,

Thank you for posting your good words about Ken as professor of philosophy. Jenny and his family will surely find them consoling. And so will the dwindling circle of our *bratva* who can remember those who made our Chorus what it became. Unstintingly sharing their musical and extra-musical gifts, they, and especially Ken, helped realize those rare and unpredictable moments of experienced transcendence, which we all remember.

I don't know enough about *Die Phänomenologie des Geistes* and its intersubjectivity; Ken often assured me that such objectivization can be understood theoretically. Content with his intuitive grasp of our stuff, I infinitely delayed the chance to benefit from his erudition. But Ken gracefully left a rich fond of fine memories of his art.

Denis

* * *

HUGH MILLER

Thank you, Lewis, for communicating the news of Kenley's passing.

Like Pete, I knew Kenley through teaching. I did not take a course with him, but when I did a tutorial on Hegel's *Phenomenology* with Louis Dupré, and I was struggling (understandably) with the chapter on "Verstand," he recommended that I read Kenley's PhD dissertation and go talk to him. (Kenley was living in New Haven but not teaching that semester.) I spent several evenings talking about Hegel with Kenley, and learned we had the YRC in common, along with getting a huge amount of help on my studies from him gratis pro Deo.

I'll always remember his kindness and his fabulous voice.

Vechnaya pamyat',

Hugh

* * *

JOHN STEWART

Dear Jenny,

The Steckels passed on the news of Ken's departure. I love that he's in Venice—just perfect for him. We had a special tenor friendship that only other tenors could comprehend—a love of singing and the act of singing, especially Lieder. For some reason I listened recently to a YRC “Kalinka” recording where Ken and I split the solos, in perhaps the highest key ever recorded—he sounded wonderful! Clear, bright and ringing.

When I lived in Frankfurt he came to lecture on, of course, Hegel. I said “coals to Newcastle?”, Frankfurt being the home of that school of philosophy. He advised me to learn German by memorizing Faust. Remembering that just brings him back to me.

So I join many of us in mourning your loss.

Love

John

* * *

THOMAS TERRY

Dear Bratsi i Syostri,

When I joined the chorus in 1959, Kenley was one of our most reliable tenor soloists. I always enjoyed his solos, and I remember a lengthy conversation we had during one of our many road trips to some New England concert venue. I asked him about his singing career, expecting a list of various choirs and teachers. I was astonished to hear that Ken had lost his voice during one year in college ... completely lost, as in mute and unable to utter a sound! He spent months with a voice teacher who had to teach him how to learn to use his vocal chords from scratch, in the process learning for the first time how to sing correctly! Maybe that accounts for his extraordinary range!

Ken had one of the sharpest minds I encountered at Yale. We kept up a friendship after we had both moved away, and my wife Lee and I occasionally crashed at his apartment in the northern corner of Manhattan when we were in the city. Ken would proudly play a Beethoven string quartet on his LP turntable and huge sound system, pointing out how ONLY on good LPs could you hear the inner strings; compact discs just could not capture those nuances.

We last visited Ken and Jenny at their “palazzo” (aka a second-floor apartment) where they had retired quite comfortably. Ken talked about his recent recital where he had sung one of the Schubert song cycles with a good pianist he had met. He loved the fact that he had attracted a sizable and enthusiastic audience of locals, and contrasted their welcome support for his “amateur” music with the snobbery he had found in Manhattan where only the professionals rated such a welcome.

Ken and Jenny taught us how to eat out in Venice: (1) stay away from tourists, (2) eat at a bar where you can feast on cicchetti, small tasty snacks similar to Spanish tapas, of course accompanied by local wines! I attach a photograph of us enjoying such a repast. The first cicchetti are not yet in view, but they were a memorable meal.

Vechnaya pamyat',

Tom



(L to R: Lee, Jenny, Ken and me)

* * *

TO RUSSIA, WITH MUSIC

BY CHARLES NEFF

As told to Enno Hobbing

The Reader's Digest

May 1959

TO RUSSIA, WITH MUSIC

*(The remarkable story of how 18 young students
sang their way into thousands of Soviet hearts)*

By Charles Neff

As told to Enno Hobbing

On our last night in Leningrad the 18 of us gathered in the rain before the monument to Catherine the Great for one more session of song. As always, a host of appreciative students, workers and housewives pressed round us to listen. When we announced that we were leaving for Kiev, the Russians began to nudge each other and whisper. As we sang on, we noticed that they were unobtrusively making a collection. Then one of them disappeared from the crowd. Minutes later, we had a beautiful bouquet thrust upon us. It was a genuine token of human understanding between plain Russians and plain Americans, and we were too moved to say much. Instead, we sang a chant from the heart, the profoundly powerful “*Ay Ukbnem*” (“Volga Boatman”). Then we and the Russians went our respective ways—ways that could never be wholly separate again.

That Leningrad leave-taking was only one of the poignant episodes in a Soviet tour last August and September during which my 17 friends and I, comprising the Yale University Russian Chorus, felt that we sang our way into many Soviet hearts. We visited the country not as professional singers but as students. We had no concerts scheduled; only those we chose to put on as the musical mood struck us—in public squares, museums, on boats, beaches and under the walls of the Kremlin itself.

The Yale Russian Chorus dates back to 1954, when the Yale Russian Language Club invited Denis Mickiewicz, a Latvian studying at the university, to talk on Russian folklore. Denis encouraged the club members to sing Russian folk-songs and became the club’s musical director. To make the trip, we raised money from our own work, from our parents and from Yale graduates.

Our first stop was Leningrad. Knowing the Russian language and a good bit about Russian culture, we were determined to get more than the routine tourist go-round. We thought of singing to break the ice with the Russians, but we were afraid that Soviet authorities might charge us with “hooliganism” and send us home. However, on our second evening in Leningrad, a crowd, full of Russian longing to learn about the outside world, gathered around us at the Europa Hotel, and we decided to take a chance.

We felt that the authorities would hardly forbid us to sing our own songs, so we started with some Negro spirituals. The Russians listened raptly. When we finished they looked at us expectantly. I suggested that now we might dare a Russian tune as an encore, and we broke into the rousing, shouting Cossack “*Oi Na Gore*” (“On That Hill”). The Russians stamped their boots and laughed with joy. Some wrinkled, kerchiefed old women were overcome with emotion at hearing a beloved old tune that had been almost buried by Communism. Older people started to sing with us. We were a success.

Before we knew it, music turned towards politics. When we started to break up and move out into the crowd, the Russians descended on us individually, until there were 18 tightly packed circles. The discussions went like drumfire. We were unprepared for many of the questions and arguments,

but that night, in the hard give-and-take, we began to work out the replies that we used to good effect on later occasions.

The first thing that both men and women dinned into me was that they wanted peace.

“Who doesn’t?” I shot back.

“No, no, you don’t understand,” a careworn elderly man said. “Leningrad stayed under siege for 17 months. There are still cripples on our streets who don’t have artificial limbs or even crutches. You don’t know what war is like!”

“That may be,” I said, “but the West is afraid that your government may start a war anyway.”

Almost all the people around me cried, “No, no, the Russian people don’t want war.”

I was confused. The talk about “peace” and about “the Russian people” seemed so much like the standard Communist line; yet these Russians seemed to be talking as individuals with wants and emotions that were independent of the dictates of their regime. Were they implying that they might stand up against the Kremlin if it tried to send them into battle? Later on we were to meet a few Russians who declared that this was precisely what they would do.

In Jim Guyot’s circle, meanwhile, an ageing factory worker threw the Communist Party line at him: “If you don’t have a war, your business will collapse.” This gave Jim a good opening. He explained how large a proportion of the American economy was engaged in satisfying peaceful consumer demand, how relatively little was committed to arms production, how well American workers lived. When Jim finished, the factory worker conceded, “Yes, if your workers have cars, there isn’t much danger that they will starve.”

We ranged over dozens of topics that night, and the last of us did not get to bed until 5 a.m. Much of the talk was calm, rational, fair exchange. The fact that we had a free and varied Press at home interested the Russians intensely. Asked whether I could get Soviet newspapers in the United States, I told them I could—and proved it by citing what I had read.

The next morning, Sunday, three of our party got a startling insight into religion in Russia. They went to a Leningrad Greek Orthodox Cathedral. Mass was over, and to their amazement they saw at least 200 babies being brought in for baptism. Young parents, dressed in their Sunday best, had trekked in from near-by provincial towns that had no churches. This seemed to us to refute the Soviet claim that only old people still cling to Christianity.

Another scene touched the three visitors to the quick. As the congregation started to go, it was halted by an emaciated-looking man in a strange, worn uniform. He implored repeatedly, “Help me! I have been in exile in Siberia for 18 years.” The people fell deathly silent, then surged forward in a flood of compassion, pressing their last roubles on the man and touching him with loving hands as if to make him feel that he was home again.

Our experiences in Leningrad set the pattern for our whole tour, which included Kiev, Odessa, Yalta, Sochi, Tiflis, Kharkov and Moscow. Nearly every night we sang first and then we all talked until the small hours. Our music smoothed the way for us to get to know Russians better than we ever

could have otherwise—and also smoothed the way for our free ideas to sink into many Soviet minds. Various episodes stand out in retrospect.

At the end of a Kiev evening, John Wolf was followed back to our hotel by a group of self-assured workers. As they stood in the street, talking animatedly and loudly, a policeman tried to disperse them. At that one of the workers said, with marvellous irony, “What! Do you want the foreigner to think that there is no freedom in the Soviet Union?” The policeman gave up.

In Odessa we saw the difference between the official and unofficial Russian attitudes. One evening we had unknowingly posted ourselves for singing right next to a Communist Party headquarters. We found it out as one man after another, much more stony-faced than our other listeners, filed out of the building and came over to us. These officials talked loudly and cocksurely, in contrast to the rather muffled voices of the plain people, and fired aggressive arguments at us between our songs.

We didn’t convince any of these well-schooled “activists,” but we did score against them with the rest of the crowd. When the activists kept repeating the Party-line slogans, ordinary citizens got bored and shouted, “Oh, come on, we’ve heard that before.” We, on the other hand, did not all stick to the official line. Where some of us took exception to Western policy, we said so. This use of our own ideas rather than official patter seemed to make an excellent impression.

Under the southern skies of Yalta we drew especially warm applause. Here too, however, we ran into tough grilling from apparently important Communists on holiday. One bull-voiced young official gave us a hard time. Finally, the girl with him grew impatient, winked at us and said, “Don’t mind him. He’s just showing off to me.”

We were impressed by the evidence that Russians have not lost their capacity for independent thought. An outspoken student at Yalta told Ernie Schoen-Rene that they all despised Communism. A friend of his, he confided, had been jailed because he had criticized the regime in a diary that fell into the wrong hands. Denis met another student who attacked Marxism on the same grounds on which it is criticized in the West, though he had never read a line of Western anti-Marxist literature.

We had saved Moscow for last. At the Moscow railway station we burst out with “*Borodino*,” an old Czarist army song recalling the bloody 1812 battle against Napoleon. A group of smart young infantrymen set up a great cheer and joined in. Although they were supposed to be boarding a train for camp, they slapped our backs and shouted, “To hell with the train!”

When we sang old Russian songs in Mayakovsky Square, tears came into people’s eyes. “It has been 40 years since we heard these songs,” elderly men and women said to us.

In one of our most memorable Moscow nights, we sang from eight to ten and then answered questions until 4 a.m. The high point came when a Russian skillfully used us to voice to the crowd anti-Soviet sentiments he could not directly utter himself. He started out by asking which Russian literature we preferred, the pre-revolutionary or the Soviet. I opted for the old literature and said, “Soviet literature is declining.” I had given the man his chance for a sarcastic punch-line: “Let literature decline. We are building socialism.” The men and women around him caught his meaning.

He switched subjects. What did the West think of the state monopoly of information in the U.S.S.R.? Jim Guyot answered that he felt it was better to have a variety of news sources in order to get at the truth. The Russian shouted, “But we don’t want the truth!” Honest, hardy faces before us were twisted with sadness at this exchange.

As we broke up that night, five middle-aged, drably dressed workers attached themselves to us. Their spokesman declared that they were all pacifists. We asked him to explain. He said with an awful intensity: “I killed 32 Germans for this system. I will never kill a man again. If there is another war, I won’t shoot.” He paused. “Yes, I will. I will shoot the officer who tells me to shoot.”

We didn’t conclude from this encounter, or from any criticisms we heard of the Soviet system, that the Soviet people are about to revolt. We did note, however, that the Soviet dictatorship is telling less than the truth when it talks of the complete unity of rulers and ruled.

We had eight rewarding days in Moscow. In Red Square we caught Soviet tourists from all over the country as they came out of the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum, and thus, perhaps, spread some of our ideas to far corners of the U.S.S.R. And we could not resist singing “And the Walls Came Tumbling Down” right by the ramparts of the Kremlin.

When our 31 days in Russia were up, we had a farewell sing in Mayakovsky Square. Many of the Moscow friends we had made were there. They told us how welcome we had been and how much they yearned for a better understanding between our peoples. We thanked them for their gracious hospitality. We told them that we didn’t mind a bit if Soviet plans to catch up with the West came true, if only the people also caught up with the West in the enjoyment of freedom.

One more full-throated chorus of “*Borodino*” and we were off for home—leaving a part of our hearts with the Russian people.

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